

The smug cat and trickster crow

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Category: Haikyuu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Kei T., Tetsuro K.

Pairings: Tetsuro K./Kei T.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-23 15:35:11

Updated: 2014-07-23 15:35:11

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:06:18

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,644

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "It was nearly a custom already that after the official, adult-supervised part of the grand meal at the end of the every training camp Nekoma, Karasuno, Fukuroudani and the others organized, there was a wild students-only after party, alcohol and loud music included."

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**\*\*A/N:\*\*** So the time has come when I start uploading my HQ works, and this is the first one. Written as another birthday present for my lovely waifu Alex~ A pairing I don't ship and don't get at all tbh, but well, I hope I got it right. Enjoy!

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><p>It was nearly a custom already that after the official, adult-supervised part of the grand meal at the end of the every training camp Nekoma, Karasuno, Fukuroudani and the others organized, there was a wild students-only after party, alcohol and loud music included. Tsukishima was always bewildered, and disgusted to a degree, as he watched his teammates eat and drink and argue, so full of energy. Where did they get the strength to do that? All he wanted to do was climb on his bed and sleep for hours. He sighed.<p>

He was sitting on the side, refusing to take part in the bothersome games, and staying as far away from the alcohol as he could. He was exhausted, and the very smell of beer was making him nauseous. With his elbow propped on his knee, and chin on his hand, he watched the others make idiots of themselves, smirking now and then at the more moronic displays of teenage drinking. It made for a good teasing material later.

His eyelids were heavy, and Tsukishima knew, he'll fall asleep soon if he doesn't move, but he found himself not caring at all. Yamaguchi

will wake him when it's time to leave. Besides, no one will think twice about him sleeping on the ground, they'll just assume he'd drunk himself silly. And that worked for him just fine.

Sadly, someone decided to thwart his plans. There was a heavy sigh above him and soon after a body slumped to the ground right next to where he was sitting. Nekoma's captain glanced at him over his cup of beer with a smile creeping onto his face at Tsukishima's sullen look.

'You're not drinking?' Kuroo asked, and Tsukishima had to look away. He smelled of alcohol too much for his liking.

'I'm not,' he answered, hoping the other would get the clue and go away. Fate was clearly mocking him that day, for the older teen just moved closer, their shoulders nearly brushing.

'Why?'

He wanted to sigh in irritation. What was it to him anyway? 'I'm tired after practice. I don't get where you all get energy to have an after party, after the actual party,' he almost whined. Almost. Because he doesn't whine.

'Ah,' the smile in Kuroo's voice made Tsukishima turn his head towards him, the other's dark eyes gleaming at him maliciously. 'It must be love.'

He snorted, looking away. The guy was wasted, that much was obvious. Not that he behaved much differently than sober, but at least then Tsukishima knew how to bite back at his retorts. They lapsed into silence, Kuroo drinking from his cup and Tsukishima going back to observing people. He had to admit, it was nice to sit with someone. He never was much for socializing, not really. But from time to time it wasâ€¦ warm, to just spend the time with someone, not doing anything, just being there together. Usually it was Yamaguchi, but Tsukishima noticed that he didn't mind Kuroo's presence either. As annoying as the other could be.

He didn't react when the older teen leaned on his shoulder. God knows, he was probably drunk enough to have problems with sitting up by himself. He turned a blind eye when the weight became more and more, but when Kuroo was nearly half laying on him, he snapped.

'Can you stop that?' he turned his head to the side, and only now noticed how close the other's face was. He could smell the alcohol in Kuroo's breath and had to blink back the urge to move as far away as possible.

'Stop what?' dark eyes blinked at him innocently, but the smirk playing on his lips foiled his efforts.

Tsukishima took a deep breath. 'Why are you even here?' he changed the subject. 'Shouldn't you be with your team?'

'Mm,' Kuroo sipped on his beer. 'Nah, even a captain as understanding as me at one point has enough of brats under the influence and needs to take a break.'

'Then go take your break somewhere else,' he grumbled, irritation

spiking. 'I'm tired.'

'I know a great exercise to get you relaxed, wanna try it?'

No, he didn't want to try it. Tsukishima grit his teeth. Why was this guy so clingy? He just wanted to be left alone, was it that difficult to understand? His head was starting to hurt, making him even more irritable than before. But he knew Kuroo wouldn't let it go no matter what, and arguing would be even more annoying, so he just sighed altogether.

'Fine, what is it?'

Seeing the other's face light up with a dangerous smirk, he regretted his laziness. Nothing good could come out of it when Kuroo smiled like that.

'Come with me,' the older teen said, getting up on wobbly legs.

Watching the other go, Tsukishima cursed himself time and time again, but he got up and obediently followed Nekoma's captain. His legs screamed in protest, heavy and numb. He watched as Kuroo finished his beer, carelessly throwing away the cup and stumbling over a tree branch. It was somewhat amusing to see, and Tsukishima's mood lifted slightly. They turned the corner of the gym they've been training in that day and entered a small storage room, smelling of floor detergent and volleyballs.

'So? What is that exercise?' he asked as his eyes adjusted to the darkness inside. 'If you mean more volleyball, I'm not up for that.'

The door closed behind him and suddenly Tsukishima felt like prey locked into a trap. He narrowed his eyes at the other, warily watching his every move as he approached. Kuroo's eyes were strangely alit, and his lips pulled into a seductive smile that sent shivers down Tsukishima's spine. He wasn't sure if what he was feeling was dread or excitement, but neither one sounded good at the time.

When Kuroo was only an arm's length away, a corner of his mouth lifted in a triumphant smirk, and Tsukishima's heart skipped a beat.

'You'll be up for me in a second,' the whisper was low and dark, unlike anything Tsukishima has ever heard from the other. And the way he accented that one syllable made him want to run.

'What are you-'

A rough tug on his shirt brought him forward and before he could blink, Tsukishima found himself being kissed breathless by the older teen. His lips were parted by a skilled tongue, slippery and smooth, and when he came back to his senses, he was kissing the other with the same fierce passion, refusing to lose. Kuroo tasted of beer and for a brief moment Tsukishima wondered how many cups did he actually have, but he gave up thinking to focus on kissing. The other's eyes shone in the dark when they parted.

'You talk too much,' Kuroo said, his voice silky and enticing. A

complacent smirk danced on the lips that only moments ago were pressed against his own.

'And you're far too smug,' Tsukishima retorted, gaining some of his self-control back. His mouth tasted of beer and he wasn't sure he liked it. 'If this was meant to help me relax, then you've failed.'

He stepped around the older teen and slowly made his way to the door. His fingers were already touching the cold metal when a hand slammed into it right above his shoulder. Hot breath ghosted over his neck, and Tsukishima couldn't help a small shiver. Kuroo placed a feather-light kiss to his nape, his other arm sneaking around the younger's waist.

'Oh,' the whisper and warmth of his breath brought another shiver out of Tsukishima. 'I'm not finished with you yet.'

And he was brutally turned around and slammed into the door as his mouth was savagely ravished by the other teen. Strangely enough, he didn't mind.

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><p>It was another half an hour when they left the shelter of the small storage room. Tsukishima scowled at the smug grin playing on Kuroo's lips. He did feel lighter and more relaxed, tension nearly imperceptible in his muscles. But that didn't mean he liked that the other was right. He sulked in silence as they walked back to the party.<p>

Suddenly, he felt dark eyes land on him and he knew how he was going to play his next move. He smirked, well aware how the other's eyes narrowed in suspicion. Walking past the older teen, Tsukishima softly run his fingers down Kuroo's bare forearm.

'Remember that two can play this game,' he said without a glance at the other.

And he left, leaving Kuroo to think what he wanted. Nekoma's captain thought he had him all figured out. Tsukishima squashed the urge to chuckle, allowing himself a small smirk instead. Oh, how wrong he was.

He grabbed a cup of beer from the nearest table. He was going to enjoy this. Taking a sip, he chanced a glance towards Kuroo. The teen still stood where he left him, calculating eyes following his every move. Tsukishima smirked into his cup. He already did.

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><p>Reviews?<p>

Also, starting from next week you can expect a flood of KageHina, since that's my otp and actually the only thing I've been writing for Hq fandom up till now lol

End  
file.